

The Tragedy

Enter *Queene*, Lord *Rivers* and *Gray*,  
*Ri.* Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his maiesty,  
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.  
*Gray.* In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worke,  
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,  
and cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,  
*Qu.* If he were dead what should betide of me?  
*Ri.* No other harme but losse of such a Lord.  
*Qu.* The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.  
*Gray.* The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.  
*Qu.* Oh he is yong, and his minority  
Is put in the trust of *Rich.* Gloucester,  
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.  
*Ri.* It is concluded he shall be Protector?  
*Qu.* It is determined, not concluded yet,  
But so it must be if the King miscarry, Enter *Buck.* *Darby.*  
*Gr.* Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby.*  
*Buc.* Good time of day vnto your royall grace.  
*Dar.* God make your maiesty ioyfull as you haue bene.  
*Qu.* The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby.*  
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen:  
Yet *Darby*, not withstanding shees your wife,  
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured.  
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.  
*Dar.* I beseech you either not belecue  
The enuious slanders of her accusers,  
Or if she be accused in true report,  
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds  
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.  
*Ri.* Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby*?  
*Dar.* But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,  
Came from visiting his Maiestie.  
*Qu.* What likelihood of his amendment Lords?  
*Buc.* Madam, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.  
*Qu.* God graunt him health, did you confer with him?  
*Buc.* Madam we did, He desires to make attonement  
Betwixt the Duke of *Glocester* and your brothers,  
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine*,  
And

of Richard the Third.

And sent to warnethem of his royall presence.  
*Qu.* Would all were well, but that will neuer be,  
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. Enter *Glocester.*  
*Glo.* They doe me wrong and I will not endure it:  
Who are they that complains vnto the King?  
That I forsooth am sterne loue them not:  
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly  
That fill his eares with such dissentious ruinours:  
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,  
Smile in mens faces smooth deceiue and cog  
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtisie,  
I must be held a rankerous enemy.  
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,  
But thus in simple truth must be abuse  
By sicken lie insinuating Iackes?  
*Ri.* To home in this presence speakes your grace.  
*Glo.* To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.  
When I haue iniured thee, when done thee wrong,  
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?  
A plague vpon you all. His royall person  
(Whome God preserue better then you can wish)  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complainrs.  
*Qu.* Brother of *Glocester*, you mistake the matter:  
The King of his owne royall disposition,  
And not prouokt by any suter else,  
Ayming belike a your interioir hatred,  
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,  
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:  
Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather  
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.  
*Glo.* I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,  
That wrens way prey where eagles dare not pearch,  
Since euery lacke became a Gentleman  
There's many a gentle person made a lacke.  
*Qu.* Come, come we know your meaning brother *Gloster*,  
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,  
God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.  
*Glo.* Meane time, God grant that we haue neede of you,  
Out